



A
MOST ADMIRE'D
PARRIDY ON
SHULEAGRA

There is none but the powers above;
Can tell how I esteem my love,
He was as mild just as the dove,
Cuththeethuvorneen slawn,

CHORUS—

Gone gone he is gone agra;
My heart for him is greivings sore;
Since he has left the Irish-shore
Oh cuththeethuvorneen slawn,

am an heires and is my joy,
With truth I love my black hair'd boy,
his absence dose me sore annoy,
Cuththeethuvorneen slawn,

To beg for him I'd feel no shame
But now on Rusia's crimson plains,
I fear my darling he lies slain,
Oh cuththeethuvorneen slawn

Its stormy winds now keeps me hoord;
Or els I would pursue my dear,
But after him I will shurely steer,
Oh cuththeethuvorneen slawn,

Its true indeed here I must stay,
Unvill I see the harvest day,
When fragant flowers the will be gay,
Oucuththeethuvorneen slawn,

No roaring billows then I'd fear,
For him I'll sail of far and near,
Dead or alive I love my dear,
Oh cuththeethuvorneen slawn,

I see no fault in all my dear,
He was noble virtues mild and fair,
For him I'll shed a many a tear,
Oh cuththeethuvorneen slawn,

I fl never will deny my dear,
ound him constant as the dove,
Come send him back you powers aboord
Oh cuththeethuvorneen slawn,

